

tApSTspl] [THE SoUL OF MAN.] NOSCE TSTPSUM!  
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For Nature, in man's heart her laws doth pen,  
Prescribing Truth to Wit! and Good  
to Will! Which do accuse, or else  
excuse all men, For every thought or  
practice, good or ill!

And yet these sparks grow almost infinite,  
Making the world and all therein, their  
food; As fire so spreads, as no place  
holdeth it, Being nourished still with new  
supplies of wood.

And though these sparks were almost quenched  
with sin, Yet they, whom that Just One hath  
justified. Have them increased, with  
Heavenly Light within! And, like the  
Widow's oil, still multiplied!

And as this Wit should goodness truly know,  
We have a Wit which that true good should  
choose ! Thrower Chough Will do oft (when Wit,  
false Forms doth show) Take 111, for Good; and  
Good, for 111 refuse.

Will puts in practice what the Wit deviseth !  
The Will ever acts, and Wit contemplates  
still!  
relations And as from Wit the power of  
Wisdom riseth; w^ind All other virtues,  
daughters are of Will!  
Will b

Will is the Prince! and Wit, the Councillor !  
Which doth for common good in council  
sit; And when Wit is resolved; Will lends  
her power To execute what is advised by  
Wit.

Wit is the Mind's Chief Judge! which doth  
control, Of Fancy's Court, the  
judgements false and vain ! Will holds  
the royal sceptre in the Soul; And on the  
Passions of the Heart doth reign!

Will is as free as any Emperor!  
Nought can restrain her gentle  
liberty! No tyrant, nor no torment  
hath the power To make us will;  
when we unwilling be !